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THE SAN FRANCISCO

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ILLUSTRATED WASP

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

SALMI MORSE, - - MANAGING EDITOR.

THE WASP has attained its majority! It has duly passed through its swaddling clothes ordeal, and gone through all the conventional degrees of slaving cloth, pinafore, short-petticoats, pantalettes, roundabout and knee-pants; has had its school-day pranks and sidewalk romps, has whirled its hoops, and its velocipedes, and now stalks forth, bold, intrepid, determined and full-grown,



to assert its claim as a man amongst men, in the condition of full age and capable of asserting its own rights, and with every qualification of competence to manage its own affairs, and it will do it.

As a proof how the issues since its majority are appreciated, its subscribers have nearly doubled and advertisements are pouring in upon it, so much so, that shortly it will be increased to double its present matter.

The WASP is destined to make its mark as no paper has yet done in this city, and as no paper shall do. It shall be made the desirable household acquisition in every well regulated family.

OLLA PODRIDA.

Our last week's issue had gone to press and we felt a relief; drew a long breath, and for recreation, thought to have a "time" with a good peer at journalism. The sage parable that

"the stone neglected by all the workmen, shall become the corner stone,"

became noticeably exemplified by the last page of the *Chronicle* of July 31st, being uppermost, and at once took our attention. Between the headings of "The Davis Assault" and "Mining Stocks," "Morgue Miscellany" glared in noticeable relief. We read "Autopsies" (we take the liberty of translating to the reader, as unacquainted with Greek lore as, perhaps, some of our contemporaries are, that autopsy means dissection). Dissection is resorted to, to ascertain the nature of a disease which had puzzled the doctors whilst "experimenting" upon the patient when living, and charging a long bill for after he has been killed—and has it called as a blind, a post-mortem examination!

MORQUE MISCELLANY.

The Coroner's Report on the Year's Tragedies.

The report of the Coroner of San Francisco for the year ending June 30, 1879, shows the investigation of 386 deaths during that period. Autopsies numbered 177, an increase of 46 over the preceding year. Inanition, the victims being sick and deserted Chinese, was the agent of death in three cases.

If a Chinese is "not" human, he is not amenable to law. A dog offends, let the offended kick him, but if to the contrary, a Chinaman is of the human fraternity, the question arises, "are we Christians?" Three human beings in the heart of a christian community of nearly 300,000 souls, and actually dying of inanition! Inanition means, *exhaustion from want of food; partial or complete starvation; deficiency of contents!* with potatoes at 50 cents per sack, flour at \$4.00, beef 3 to 5 cents per pound, mutton 2 to 2½ cents, and Exilda's belt, said to have cost \$500, and a thousand dollars more for her unwomanly ways, with Rev. Bishop Kipp's \$6,000 salary, and Rev. Vicar Platt \$5,000! Rev. Hemphill vigorously passing the plate every Sunday, and Rev. Kalloch selling programmes to crammed audiences of "standing room only" a la "Pink Domino!"—

Eight persons died from accidental shooting, an unusually large number, considering that New York had only eleven cases in 1874 and ten in 1875.

Considering the prevalent immorality and the noticeable recklessness among the Ladies, Convicts and Judges here, there must certainly be a larger per centage of brutal instruments in general circulation than at New York, hence a larger per centage of casualty.

There were 66 suicides during the year, a decrease of 17 from the twelve months preceding.

Suicides, excepting for statistical record, should not be estimated by quantity but by quality. Some time ago, when it became manifest that Mayor A. J. "was fooled and led astray," a rumor pervaded throughout the town that he had committed suicide—but he denies the charge.

The twelve men forming the last Grand Jury, but disbanded now—and very properly,

too—do not seem to have been as "disinterested" upon the subject of the Dupont street fraud as Mayor A. J. desired, for he now challenges a synod of that nature.

"any twelve disinterested men upon that subject, and if they'll say, after a fair and careful investigation, where I (he) can meet my (his) enemies face to face, that I (he) did wrong, that I (he) was careless, that I (he) did not carry out what I (he) thought was to the interest of the tax-payers, I'll (he'll) pay the \$88,000 myself (himself) every cent of it."

Take him at his word and give the man a chance to justify himself; so says the WASP. In the abstract we believe what we please, but specifically, we hold, that every man has a right to a fair showing. Were we Mayor A. J., and had we the confidence in our being able to prove our integrity, as A. J. says he has, we'd agitate the matter until we were cleansed of the impurity. We would compel the very next Grand Jury, and the next, and the next, to investigate our cause until they had us indicted for the misdemeanor; then would we prove, if we could, to a swindled public, that we were maliciously wronged, and that our assertion, as reported in the *Call* of July 31st, is not all bombast, and for subterfuge merely, or the idle vaunt of one who wished to avoid being considered perjured in the eyes of God and man, surreptitiously.

Six persons drowned themselves in the bay, but the bodies not being recovered, they are not numbered among the self-murders.

Now this is a journalistic bull we do not fairly comprehend, and would like to know at what particular hour of the night this was written, or under what state of excitement upon some early morn. We have "been there" ourselves, and can very well afford to sympathize. But, if written in the middle of the day, we most emphatically condemn it as purile. We have heard of an Irishman counting all the pigs but one, and that one for its restlessness, he couldn't count in. The *Chronicle's* way of counting suicides is to that rule. Now how would Charley De Young like it, if, when Mike has "done drownin'" and because an *Octopus* has "supped upon horrors" that he should therefore remain counted out?

According to this logic, a catastrophe at sea has no evidence of fact, until the wreck is met with; and one of these fine days, New York will wake up to the surprise, of the ill-fated *Atlantic* steaming to her landing, on Canal street, as "unsuicided as never was."

"Six persons drowned themselves." This emphatically implies "they were seen to jump into the water and were not seen to rise again," (or where is the evidence for such a bold assertion) and for that highly delectable fact, the reprehensible acts of these self-assassins are not to be numbered among the worthier class because they are not found.

Under the head of "Bulls," in our last issue, we had the facetiousness to say

"P. S.—If it is too dark to read this, you'll find some matches under the stairs;"

this comes home to it, exactly.

Suicide is the act of designedly destroying one's life. An unpunishable crime. In its grossest sense a violation of law, both divine and human, but according to the *Chronicle*,

it is no such thing, unless the bodies are actually recovered, the witnessing of their drowning, to the contrary notwithstanding.

The unsuccessful attempts at suicide numbered 64, of which 13 were women. Fourteen of the suicides were unsound in mind.

Unsuccessful attempts at suicides have no relation to suicides generally, the world over, any more than contemplated suicide has, but for the sake of argument we'll admit this latter as of the class; therefore, if A. J. really contemplated that which Cassius did when quarreling with Brutus, the attempts at suicide numbered 65 instead of 64. But our business lies not with A. J., but with the *Chronicle*, in whose report

"we can distinguish no truth, or at least shall be apt to perplex the mind."—*Locke*.

Blackstone says,

"that suicide is the act of designedly destroying one's own life, committed by a person of years of discretion and of sound mind; self-murder—a *felo de se*."

And Blackstone is a genuine, original authority. Now, where does the *Chronicle* get its authority for stating that 14 of the suicides were of "unsound mind?" If unsound of mind, according to Blackstone, they were not suicides, any more than according to the *Chronicle*, bodies not found must be considered as un-drowned.

Again, if the "attempt at suicide" was "unsuccessful" how can the 14, who were of unsound mind, be called "successful" at all? *vide* Blackstone.

In the *WASP*, such blundering bulls might be tamely overlooked, but the *Chronicle*, who "has the largest circulation" and is a "live paper," who claims to be the official declaration of public opinion, whose statements are to stand for precedent to all coming time, and who

"is nothing if not critical;"

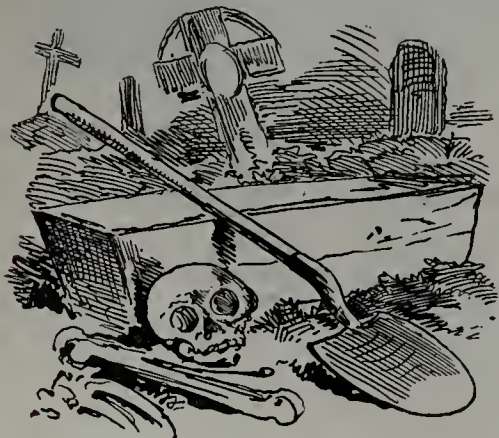
this appears so much the stronger that it rouses the judgment of even less critical ears to direct and determine what in it is graceful and what is not.

"By what authority doest thou those things?"

We poor Bryant street stingers must, however, sting warily, else

"The demi-god authority may make us pay for our offence."

So good by old fellow, until next we meet. *Inshallah Effendim!*



Read the serials and preserve the back numbers of the *WASP* for reference. All the stories are historical, romantic, and instructive. The "Phases" will be a true history of past events, not recorded with the details they deserve.

THE "WASP" SUED FOR LIBEL.

An advertisement was handed in on Tuesday for publication in the *WASP*, headed with the significant title of

"GO AS YOU PLEASE!"

And amongst other matters which the *WASP* does not approve of in any sense, whatever, was the disreputable announcement that the public, on or about the month of September, are to have a repetition of the unwomanly exhibition of a female walking match.

We declined the immoral advertisement in our pure pages. Whilst on this topic we beg to announce, "that we will have a staff of artists upon the ground who will take correct portraits of the audiences and that we will issue the same under the title of "At the Walkists," after the manner of "At the Play," and guarantee its artistic merit to excel anything of the kind of that nature ever produced.

The daily London *Chronicle*, June 27th, indignantly descanting at length upon the shameful and woman-degrading exhibition, says:

As all the pedestriennes enjoyed the opportunity of slandering each other, the reporter seemed to delight in extracting from them the strongest forms of verbiage. The hall in which the ladies walked was crowded day and night, and the audience was equally strong in slang phraseology, either in condemnation or approval of the competitors for the female champion walking belt of San Francisco.

In the evening of the day named at the commencement of this, we were sued for libel in the sum of \$5,000, for upholding the laws of morality and decency, to the disapproval of the refined Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maynard, of whom the *Call* of August 5th, says:

Arthur Chambers, the middle-weight champion of the P. R., and Harry Maynard, the Australian, have clasped hands in solemn confirmation of a determination to pummel each other for \$1,500 a side. Gloves will be worn in the contest.

And the *Chronicle* of August 6th, says:

HARRY MAYNARD'S LIBEL SUIT.

In the Nineteenth District Court, yesterday, Harry Maynard and his wife Carrie, the pedestrienne, brought suit against Francis, Anthony, and Joseph Korbel, of the firm of F. Korbel & Bros., in which it is alleged, that about July 17, 1879, and thereafter, Carrie Maynard participated with others in a pedestrian tournament for prizes offered, and her husband attending upon his wife; that the defendants in the *WASP* of July 26th published the following libelous words concerning them: "She is a broken-down actress." "Nice husband to have, with a wife degrading herself as such on exhibition, and he attending on her." Plaintiffs allege that they have thus been injured in their good name and credit, and ask \$5,000 damages and costs of suit.

Korbel & Bros. are proprietors of the *WASP*.

And the *Pacific Life* of July 26th, says:

Harry Maynard is procuring quite a number of pupils to receive instructions in athletics and the manly art in his gymnasium on Sutter street.

And the *Chronicle* of August 6th, says:

Contrary to the advice of his best friends, Maynard was at last induced to consent to meet Chambers, and the contests would have been arranged and come off duly, had not Chambers' friends at the last moment failed to put up the money. Acting by the advice of those who are really his friends, Maynard now announces definitely that he has retired from the ring, and will not again be forced into it by threats, or by any false or absurd notions of honor.

And the *Chronicle* of August 7th, says:

ARTHUR CHAMBERS AND HARRY MAYNARD. To the Editor of the *Chronicle*—SIR:—Having seen a statement in your issue of to-day about myself and Harry Maynard which announced that my friends had failed to put up the money for a glove contest, I

desire to explain a misapprehension. Myself and Maynard were offered a purse of \$1,000 to fight for, and an allowance of \$125 each for training expenses. I was perfectly willing to fight this purse, or as much more as could be raised, but Mr. Maynard refused unless the purse amounted to \$1,500. In order to show the public, before my departure for the East, that I mean business and ascertain if Mr. Maynard wants to meet me, I have this day deposited with the editor of the *Pacific Life*, the sum of \$500 as a forfeit, to fight Mr. Maynard, for any sum from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side, or a purse of \$1,000, either with or without gloves, at any weight he chooses to mention; the fight to take place within the next three weeks. Thanking you for your space, I hope to hear from Mr. Maynard by Saturday, the 9th instant, as in case he does not accept my challenge Mr. Edwards and myself leave for New York on the following day.

Yours, respectfully,
ARTHUR CHAMBERS,
Light-weight champion of America.
SAN FRANCISCO, August 6, 1879.

Tom Amen recently killed three bears, an old female and two cubs. The bruin family came out of the brush in sight of young Amen, who fired and killed the mother, when the cubs took to a tree and were also killed. He found where the bears had killed three fine sheep, one of which they had eaten, and the two remaining carcasses were stowed away for future repasts.

The fortitude of the *WASP* can bear much, and the *Call* which has bared this bear story is entitled to bear the honors of it. The bare idea of a boy shooting three bears were barren of interest, did it not bear out the fact bears must be a bar to sheepraising and must be killed if barely three at a lick. This bears out the adage that bears must be bearded in their lair. The bearer of this bearable news, deserves more than our bare thanks, but Tom who we hope will not become overbearing for his achievement, has our prayers. Amen!

If Davis' deadly weapon on Denis

is rated \$200, how much would Louderback charge for this



Five Hundred Millions in Gold.

Last week the coin and bullion held by the Bank of England reached the sum of £35,143,525, which is the largest amount ever collected at one time in the coffers of the bank. In the same week the cash in the Bank of France was within a few thousand pounds of ninety millions sterling, while the coin and bullion held by the Bank of Germany fell only a little short of twenty-eight millions. Thus the stock of the precious metals held by those three great institutions reached the almost incredible amount of one hundred and fifty-three millions sterling.—*London Sat. Review*, July 5th.

A state of affairs, if at San Francisco, would at once show up the coming defaulter.

Says a German: "Sausage machines with us are a marvel in their way; you feed your hogs well with plenty of salt, pepper and garlic in their food, afterwards pitch them into the hopper, and the sausage comes out piping hot below."

"Good thing," answers the American. "We have them with us, but with an improvement added. In the event of the sausage turning out insufficiently seasoned, we pitch them into another hopper, and they turn into hogs again; we give 'em a feed or two of high-spiced slush, and again convert them into sausage."



RUSSIA, AS SEEN BY THE "WASP,"

FROM

REINDEER TO CAMEL.

Kedge, Sledge, Paddles, Saddle, and Dogs.

Russia is not an empire but a world! But it is a world without the due qualifications which are required to make one. A country whose arts and sciences, trade and manufactures are almost exclusively in the hands of foreigners, has but little claim to civilization, and none to advancement. It is the richest and the poorest land in the world. It covers an area greater in extent than Rome, Spain, and Persia in combination, when each was at its apex of greatness. With seventy miles to the stride, it would take Exilda la Cha-



pelle, or any other adventurous walkist, one hundred days to tramp across it. It contains from fifty to eighty millions of inhabitants. The WASP is not supposed to know more concerning Russia's population than the Russians themselves do. Its people are unequally scattered over an area, of not less than 8,000,000 square miles.

They bow, with the servile obedience of the orient, to the rigorous discipline of the occident, guided by the absolute despotism of one autocratic individual. Imagine a rainbow curved from the Vistula to China, and another from the Black Sea to the White, and you have the extent of Russia! Over one-tenth of the habitable globe is under her flag; inclusive of deserts she owns one-eighteenth part of all the globe! Kern county and other land-grabs reserved.

To best convey some idea, however remote of the vastness, and at the same time heterogeneousness of this colossal empire we will divide it ethnologically.

Foremost in rank but least in number stand the Caucasians of the north, which embrace the Russian, the Pole, the Lithauer, and the Cossack. The rest are Tartar, Hindoo, Mongolian, Arab, etc., and go by the delectable sobriquets of:

Tungus, Jakutts, Kirgis, Buchars, Karkalpatans, the three latter nations more popularly known as the desperate Bashkris, Finland and Lapland, with at least twenty nations. No one knows exactly how many nations there are in the Caucas, Georgia, and Teszeczek; the nations of the Polar Sea and the Tungus; the nations of Mandshure, Kamptchadal, Ostiak, Watjak, and many more, which from purely benevolent motives towards our indulgent readers, we are constrained to spare infliction of detail.

Jews, Gypsies, Greeks, Chinese, Germans

and others, some millions in number, but not living in distinct communities, we will leave unconsidered.

Here you perceive an amazingly colossal empire upon which the sun never sets except in part, but which is as benighted as if no sun had ever shone upon it, and is held together by a despotism unprecedented, incorrigible, and uncompromising. It is to a wonderful degree simultaneously productive of energy extreme; civilization and savagery; icebergs and bananas; mosquitoes and polar bears; simoon and snowstorm; swelter and nip; lasting summer and eternal frost; nights and days to the length of continual hours, and of months duration; Supervisors who are honest and who, as elsewhere, commit pillage; Mayors who steal, and clerks who plunder; officiating priests who never commit murder, adultery, or who curse, and who don't. An empire which embraces no less than one hundred distinct nationalities, speaks nearly as many different tongues; yet there exists less bigotry and corruption among them, than does here in this one little town where this is written.

From a general standpoint, the dirtiest being and dirtiest land is the Russian and his Russia. He lives on four kopecks (3 cts.) a day, and of that spends two in immorality, and one and one-half in drink, and the rest (!)—for eating. A bit of bread and some garlic is his meal. There is no exaggeration in this, reader; the WASP intends to give you all the nations he has seen, as they are, and begins with Russia, simply from the necessity of making a beginning somewhere. We are speaking of a people who know not industry in the light we do; whose tradesmen are jews and foreigners exclusively, and who are held to scorn for being such; we are speaking of a people to whom, if Cossack, his horse and his kumiss are everything. He lives on the horse from morning till night, gets drunk in the saddle, and there sleeps off the fuddle.

The Kalmuk, whose women are Amazons, and ride better than the men do, has to



beat his wife at a race, or he don't get her. If she wants him, she slacks up. They are all proverbially hospitable and jolly, but withal filthy, brave, unreasonable, and cruel. The distinguishing mark among the Tartar race is their ears. The Kalmuk has the largest of the family. Beauty, blood, and clan, are determined by this. The downfall of Napoleon is due to the Cossack, and Kalmuk.

[To be Continued.]

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.



Night I.

You do not want to be called an Arab or Hoodlum, either? Explain to me, nephews, why boys, who ought to know better, should act so shamefully as to feel annoyed when named after their actions. He who makes shoes is a shoemaker. You say never call a tanner a goldsmith, and the boy, who wont-only molests a Chinaman, is an Arab. The Chinese must go! I grant you, that he may; but he is not a squirrel, gopher, or an obnoxious rat, which, although created for an object, is still a pest to economy and must be exterminated. Who tells you the Chinaman is not human? Then tell Denis Kearney he is an ass, and I'll prove it to you. And tell him further, that the cry of "Chinese must go," has often been repeated, and as often has died away. The Chinaman is instrumental in exciting the present outcry, but the first on record, date from Egypt during Ptolemis, being instituted against the Jews.

Since society first began to convene itself to rule, of the outpouring of hordes and the over-running of other lands has become as much of a periodical scourge, and uncontrollable fact, as the manifest destiny of rain and rats; the one to make crops, the other to destroy.

The remarkable labor movement in Egypt, is the first memorable instance upon record.

Here, Joseph, a man of high position at court, and in the confidence of the nation, like another Burlingame, with honest intentions, made a treaty between the people of Egypt and the Jews. Affairs went along amicably for some time. But political aspirants have noses for new measures as rats have for cheese, and some Denis Kearney or other, at once discovered, that the treaty was oppressive, and raised the cry of "The Chinese must go!" "Out with the Jews!"

From the first, the habits of the two nations were as dissimilar as those of Connought and Shanghai. Inured to the hardships of a desert life, the Jews were, from force of circumstances, simple and frugal in their habits; they could work longer hours with less fatigue, and for smaller pay, than the more luxurious Egyptians. Their wives were less extravagant, and unostentatious with their children, as are the families of humble shepherds all the world over. The Jews saved up all they worked for, while the Egyptians did not, and therefore became jealous of them, for every shepherd was an

abomination unto the Egyptian, as every Chinaman is to the Sand-lolites,

"And the children of Israel were fruitful and increased abundantly, and the land was filled with them,"

As our country will shortly be filled with Chinese. Every steamer, every sailing vessel, adds its quota; every railroad, every steamboat, takes them into the interior.

"And there arose up a new King over Egypt, which knew not Joseph."



And in California a new Constitution has been adopted which ignores the honest responsibilities of the old. A new political party, under the auspices of some agitating Denis has sprung up, reckless as to the means employed to their personal advancement and office.

A new political platform was required, and the "Chinese must go!" is the watchword. But like the king of former times,

"Let us deal wisely with them, and so get them out of the land."

Do not set your dogs on them or aim your brickbat at their heads.

Christian example, good manners, and law all oppose cruelty, and so would Denis if he possessed the virtue of either or all of them.



[To be Continued.]

[See Cartoon on Last Page.]

For the twentieth time have we started in to give utterance to our unqualified condemnation of the reprehensible outrage of Eastern bigots upon Jews, but have prudently abstained, considering the unreasonable material of our Supervisors here, who at any moment, may get on to the same rampage, and cause a demand for our indignant ammunition at home.

A band of audacious men who in the face of Christ upon the Cross for nearly 1900 years combine to construct pernicious ordinances to hamper morality, and expressly aim to give countenance to demoralization,

shocking to sense and reason; are as likely to ordain the expulsion of the Jews, as the expulsion of the *Passion Play* and the cutting off of the national tail of the oppressed heathen.

It would not at all surprise us, if some fine morning we see it announced, among other disabilities, that "Jews and Chinese shall not travel upon street cars; Jews shall not visit theatres except in galleries set expressly apart for them; Jews shall smoke 5-cent cigars only; Jews not amenable to office, D'Israeli and Changanier to the contrary notwithstanding."

This is not written in defence of the Jew and the Chinaman, but in condemnation of the narrow-minded wretches, here and elsewhere, who try to oppress them, and who, blinded to their own interests only, aim to make the nation the laughing stock of all the world.

Upon the basis that royalty confers both honor and chastisement by the same sword, we with equal propriety submit this day's cartoon on our last page, which to the contrary of its being gotten up in derision, is purposely placed before the public as a mark of our esteem and veneration for the upright man who has our gratitude for having saved the city from contumely, and purified it from a disgrace, which would have placed it beneath that heathen squad its fathers conspired so ruthlessly to oppress. Long may live Judge Field. He is truly the gentleman who

"In judgment between rich and poor, considers not what the poor man needs, but what is his own."

whilst the pernicious squad who taxed him with the arduous task of baffling their noxious intentions are as immediately the opposite as conventional top and bottom.

THE NEW YORK "PUCK."

Close upon *Frank Leslie's* fraudulent representation of something somewhere, but pertaining to the advent of the Polar expedition, it was refreshing to see the lively and truthful *Puck* bounce upon our desk. But now that our delight is satire, and curiosity gratified, human nature sets in true to all its barbarous instinct and nearly kills us with envy, that the cartoon of the great Polo match, did not fall to the lot of the *WASP*, rather than to him. How did we come not to hit upon it. It is a success, brother *Puck*, and for your reading matter, we only wish some of your contributors would become discontented, so we may have their talents upon ours. We drink to the lot of you.

Davis' Fine.

In the Police Court yesterday morning, Charles S. Davis, convicted of striking Denis Kearney with a switch in Hayes Valley last April, was called for sentence. By his counsel he moved a continuance of the sentence until Saturday, to allow him time to raise the money for his fine, whatever it would be; Judge Louderback denied the motion, and sentenced Davis to pay a fine of \$200 or to be imprisoned in the County Jail 100 days. Davis was sent below, and in about two hours' time his fine was raised, paid into Court and he was released.

The price of a beefsteak is 25 cts.—with onions, 37½ cts.—with mushrooms, 50 cts.

Now, if it costs \$200, or \$2 a day for petting Denis with a switch, a man who is simply an agitator by trade, a profession by which the community is rather a gainer than otherwise, for its principal being laid up, how much would it be worth to pet J. C. Flood, where the community would be benefitted unmeasurably more, and where the desserts are 6 of one and ½ dozen the other? Jerusalem! What a calculation, Judge!

A STEAMER CAPSIZED IN THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

She Sinks Instantly and Five Passengers Drown.

CLAYTON, (N. Y.), via Oswego, July 31.—The party which met with an accident here this morning was from Binghamton, New York, and vicinity, and numbered about 250 persons. They were spending a few days on the St. Lawrence, and had this morning the steam yachts *Farrington* and *Josephine*, with a view of visiting Kingston, Ontario, and other points up the river from the Thousand Island Park to this place, and as the *Josephine* was a slower boat than the *Farrington*, it was proposed to lash the two boats, and thus keep the party together. As soon as this was done they proceeded on their journey, but had not gone forty rods when it was found that the stays were not properly adjusted, and the *Josephine* commenced taking water. Without lessening speed an effort was made to loosen the stays. The bow line was let out till the *Josephine* had swung around sideways, when it caught in a knot and she capsized and sank in 80 feet of water in half a minute. As the boat tipped over every one on board fell into the water and many were drawn down as the boat sunk. Nothing happened to the *Farrington*, and many were taken out of the water by her, and the others by small boats, which pushed out from the shore as soon as the accident occurred. Five ladies were drowned. *None of the bodies have been recovered.* Divers arrived in the morning to find the bodies and raise the *Josephine*. Great blame is attached to the Captains of both boats for their mismanagement and lack of judgment.

SAD END TO A PLEASURE SAIL.

NEW BRUNSWICK, (N. J.), July 31.—A rowboat containing a pleasure party of five persons was run into by the schooner *Hayes* this morning on the Raritan river and capsized. Mrs. John Dunnigan and Miss Kate Horan were drowned.—*Chronicle.*

According to your theory as entertained in an article under the head of "Morgue Miscellany," drowning without recovery is not death; how about these five above named? Do tell.

Lesseps' Canal Project.

Mons. Lesseps does not have smooth sailing with his canal project. The American Government is beginning to take a little interest in the proposition, and the more it looks into it the less it likes it. The idea is gaining ground that the water-way between the Atlantic and Pacific, whether cut across Darien or Nicaragua, should be conducted under American auspices.

Do not, for God's sake, hold out an inducement which will only result in unearthing fraudulent beats. Who ever heard of a job abroad, where a Commissioner, or a Mayor, or a Supervisor steal? Who ever heard of the like here, which don't? Don't place stumbling blocks in the ways of the blind, but if you are determined to do it, get your defalcations from here; we can furnish experts to excel the world. None of your journeymen thieves here. All Bosses, every mothers' son of them.

One Good Man In Sodom.

NOT SEEKING FOR OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Chronicle*.—SIR.—While I feel very grateful to the many friends who mention my name for the Mayoralty, I would request the privilege through your columns of stating that I am not seeking for any office in the gift of the people.

MARTIN J. BURKE,
Of Madison & Burke.



Won at Last.—This is a good play, strong, pathetic, poetical, natural, and of intense interest. As unlike the garbled trash of its predecessors since the expulsion of the unsavory Eytinge as a horse is to a hornet. Manager Maguire will now perceive the truth of our simile in last week's issue, as to the difference between a rough carpenter bunk and a cabinet maker's bedstead.

Non-professional writers who venture upon the precarious track of expert playwrights, submit themselves to the professional guidance of experience, or they and their plays must come to the ignominy and griefs, those that we hint at, did.

At best, these require a novel for their ground work, or they are all at sea. But the more they construct their play, to a resemblance of the novel, the more they give of the dialogue thereof, the surer and greater will their failure be. Seeds of a family contiguously planted, partake of each other's nature; a play must not smatter of the novel, nor a novel of the play.

No amateur actor can render a part to equal the grace and adeptness of a professional actor, of no matter how limited capacity; the comparison tells home upon the playwright in like ratio. People who are ambitious to write a play, should be modest enough to submit it, to where playwriting is drudge work. All successful playwrights are lovers of whatever kind of talent; if they were not, they could not construct a play themselves, and because they are, they will approve or condemn with justice.

But this is only half the battle as yet. The man who keeps a restaurant, must not meddle with the culinary operations, any more than the cook with the economy of conducting the establishment, for reasons too obvious to need explanation. An actor writing a play wherein he himself is to take part, considers most of the telling points for himself so much, that he ruins all the rest, shows favoritism to others, to the detriment of all unity of action. We have not long since a character which actually had no unity whatever to the general plot, and in proof, there were "a lot" of incidents and characters entirely cut out, and the play became somewhat acceptable by it; this only goes to prove, if more had been culled, it might have turned out better yet.

Mark Twain in one of his lectures says to the effect, that once submitting a play to a manager, this latter cut away nearly one-half, and great improvement became apparent at once, but mourned that the manager's strength did not hold out to cut away the whole, for he felt assured that the play would have been a success. Mark Twain is a sensible fellow, and that's more than playwrights (not playrights) generally are.

But the play we speak of is quite another thing. It is a finished production, and not

nearly so well put upon the stage as the garbled ones were, but suffers naught from the willful neglect. Gold needs no gilding, nor the rose additional fragrance. This play would attract if played without scenic display in a barn. There is one thing, however, it could not be cramped in, i. e., the talent, with one or two exceptions, which personated the part. Mr. O'Neil, Mr. Morrisson, and Mr. Jennings, were simply immense, the latter excelling any previous effort, and Miss Coghlan has more than carried out our expectations of her friends. This only goes to prove the responsibilities of keeping genius under a blanket designedly, and the bound forward with which it asserts itself, on the first opportunity. Miss Coghlan's impersonation of *Grace Flemming*, stamps her without an equal in this city, and makes us pause before we name a superior elsewhere. *Won at Last* is the event of the season.

Aimee at the California theatre, gave a succession of benefits and excellent performances during the week, all successfully rendered, but with various financial results. We consider Aimee as badly dealt with by the sight-seers here, as Lester Wallack was, but from quite a different point of view. The acting of each principal of this troupe is admirable. As we go to press, the advent of the season comes off—"The Grand Opera Bouffe Ball."

Magda Irtshick, a German actress of pronounced home reputation, is announced for Sunday night, and *Imogene*, as *La Cigate*, is the coming meteor for the coming week.

Tony Pastor and his talented troupe are the success of the season, and they well deserve it. If you want to laugh, go to the Bush Street Theatre, where, if you go once, you will go again.



FOOLS.

Chapter the Second.

Aut regem aut fatum nasci oportere.

He was born to be king or fool.

Not a hundred years ago we submitted an article on fools; in less than a hundred years later we have the folly to submit another.

We are alive to the indiscreetness of having concluded the last with the word end, as well as to the meekness of opening the subject once more.

"He is a wise man who knows a fool when he sees him,"

said Hypocrates, and we beg to add that he is a fool who can point to a wise man. No one hundred fools in a lump can individually detect more than ninety nine of the number. Killigrew was the favorite fool of the dissipated court of Charles I, and made Charles the constant butt of his squibs. He once examined very assiduously, the tail of a horse just presented to Charles. In answer to the expressed surprise of the King, at the curious whim, Killigrew said:

"A gift horse should not be looked in the mouth."

A hackneyed negro song of the day, dates back to Bajazet, when that cruel tyrant directed his terrors upon Constantinople. "Do you know what I have to tell you?" exclaimed his fool Choacha, interrupting the Emperor one day when in most serious council. The Emperor answered in the negative. "Nor I either," drily added the fool. "I know, I know," exclaimed some of the councilors, in the hope of perplexing the fool. "Then tell it," put in the latter, "to those who don't."

Like our Opera, the early fools had dignity in their position, but in the course of time they resolved themselves into the buffoonery of *Pinafore* and baby shows. At their earliest stage they were Troubadours until they came down to end men.

A story is told of a certain Emperor whom we cannot well place, but who asked his fool how much he valued him, clothes, ornaments and all. "One ducat," was the quick response. "My sandals alone are worth that, you fool," exclaimed the monarch. "They were already counted in," was the quick-witted reply.

When Charles XII sportively asked of his fool, whether he would exchange positions with him, the fool promptly declined. "What! exclaimed the good natured King; "you'd be ashamed to fill my place?" "No," retorted the other promptly, "but I'd be ashamed to have you fill mine."

One of the court fools of Queen Bess was the notorious Scoggins. In answer to the Queen's command to have him return her £500 she had loaned him, he had a funeral ordered, stretched himself bodily in the coffin, and ordered the procession where it might surely encounter the Queen. "Who is dead?" enquired her Majesty. "Scroggins," somebody answered. "Poor fellow," said the Queen sympathetically, "He owed me £500 but I forgive him the debt now," at which Scroggins threw the lid up and exclaimed, "Your Majesty's kindness brings new life into me!"

At another period, when asked why with such exalted knowledge he played the fool, he answered "That which you are fool enough to ask I am not fool enough to answer."

THE END.

Our subscription list is increasing so rapidly, that we feel constrained for the first time, to with honesty advise all to advertise in the WASP. It is the live weekly of the day!

THE ROYAL HOTTENTOTS.

An Extravagant Burlesque

IN ONE ACT.

(Not calculated for Acting.)

"Dull in its beginning, but brilliant in its future."—WATT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BLACK HOTTENTOTS.

KNLXEHSRIM, KING OF HUMDRUM, (*An Epicure of dainty Hottentots.*)HIS CHANCELLOR, (*who chances to be a Hottentot.*)HACKMACK, (*A Merchant who is famous among Hottentots.*)DUDU, (*who does the Queen, and one who does well whatever she does do, especially for a Hottentot.*)

Women of the Harem, Musicians, Executioners, Guards, Soldiers, Hottentots, Etc., Etc.

WHITE HOTTENTOTS.

OWNER OF A SLAVE SHIP, (*worse than a Hottentot.*)HIS WIFE, (*curious about everything Hottentot.*)CAPTAIN, (*Fast merging into a Hottentot.*)SUPER CARGO, (*who is done to by Dudu, to the manner Hottentots do.*)
Sailors, Etc., Etc.

EPOCH—The first Danish Slave-ship upon the Southwest Coast of Africa.

SCENE—Partly on the Ivory Coast, and partly in the interior of Central Africa.

[Continued from Page 7, No. 157.]

- Kr. Tut, tut—a trifle—not *nearly* to your merit. We are burning, Hackmack, to hear of these Monsters of the deep; these flayed anthrapaphagy; These ocean enormities; these human reptiles; These amphibious cannibals, who, I am told, Of a night, huddle all into *one* enormous wooden sea shell, Which steads them, as to us, a hut, paddles and canoe, But all in one. Tell us of these, Hackmack.
- H. Please, Your Majesty! So intricate is the curious fact That ingenuity stands puzzled how to make beginning. First and foremost, they come from out the sea. Have eyes, noses, haeds and feet, as and where, Divine us, have ours. Naturally lacking the intelligence Simmetry, color and instinct, else the sublimity of ourselves Had its compeer 'mongst them! They even have jargon, Curious and disconsonant, as monsters generally have, And unintelligible to any but themselves. Although of the coastfellows A few have eaught the hang, and established an intelligent mutuality As we here have with our horses, hogs and chickens. They fetch and carry, pick paths, fruits, and frolics With an instinctive discrimination, most astonishingly Approaching ingenious human understanding.
- Kr. Wonderful! Chancellor, it is decreed—wonderful!
- H. They carry gourds about their persons, compared to which Those of usage here, are simply barbarous. Their's, although of a substance both hard and brittle, Yet are by nature semi-transparent, and obstruct vision "only," Like least more than nothing would. These contain A limpid liquid fire within, which conforms to touch As ordinary spring water does, cold, diaphernous, translucent and flowing: But drink of it, and you're ablaze! you feel having swallowed explosion!



If you can figure the paradoxus anomalus
Of a clear smokeless fluid fire—you figure that.—

- Kr. Astonishing! Have you drank of this burning wonder?
- H. Bully Majesty, yes; but no more than as much, As would conveniently fill the hollow of two palms of any. This set me ablaze, to the very small of my back, Provoked violent tingles in my nose, and stuck my welling eye-balls Full of red glowing lances. And were it not for the plunge I on the spur took, into the contiguous lake, and *dived* For that only *diver's* reason, the monsters appearing *diversified* thereat But which to me seemed most barrenly *divested* of merit,— There had no Hackmack been here to-day. To *divert* his king with the extraordinary *diversion*. Yet, these, I mean these monsters of the deep, Will swill at the liquid fire, with greedy repetition. And, although they neither cinder tinder nor char on the instant, Still are made subject to various and conflicting results.
- Kr. When curiosity glutts, it *palls*, at such *polyglot* absurdities.— The *symmetry* of thy tale, is of that *desproporition*

Which but the *purports* of a scimitar may adjust. But I'll bear in mind, your hitherto tried *integrity* Else I feel, like *disintegrating* your head from your shoulders. But *rest* you content on that *score* for the *present* And *score* out the *rest*, more *presentable*.

- H. Oh, your majesty! it is both curiously and pitifully *affecting* To notice the funny *affectations*, this fire-water *effects*. Some of its guzzlers become muddled, some maudling, Some fierce, some inert, some noisy, some stupid, Some pensive, some brawly, but all jabber clamorously at once, But by degrees, invariably fall into a deep sleep, And wake to repetition, as if no ordeal had been passed through.
- Kr. Hackmack! Hackmack!! Hackmack!!! Cease to trifle with the confiding *credulity*, Of suave royalty!—it is the tamed snake, funnel housed, *Indifferent* to all *differences*, unless tamper irritates it, Which bids mostly beware of its sting. Immaculate Majesty Heaven annointed, is gifted with a penetrating *solubility* At most paradoxical anomaly, and knows to define at a flash, The difference between an *ass's bray* and a *brazen Ass*. Continue thou to *relate*, what you have seen of *late*, And bear in mind, the lives of you and your *relations* Depends upon the truthfulness of this *relation*.
- Cr. I'll stand *bait*, for all Hackmacks most *baeful* intents. To my knowledge, he never yet was *factor*, at ought but *facts*.
- Kr. It is well. We accept the bondsman. Proceed to the *last*, *Last* while it will. Yet *beware* As to the manner, you expose your *wares*
- H. Great Majesty! Hackmack has yet to learn How to peddle, where no houses are. I have brought *proof* hither to qualify my assertion.
- Kr. Hah! *proofs!* *proofs!* say you? Show me Of this water *proof*, and you may slit Both your nostrils in recompense.
- H. I incline to *dare win* a bet, that the-se-se things are human But in a yet crude state, and in course of transition To completeness, as our perfect selves are. There is no doubt That their unfortunate lack of human color, owes discrepancy to that Or a notion of mistaken principle, which flays or scalds Their young in intancy. Another curious attribute is there: They doff and don parts of themselves, with a dexterous aptness, Not to be illustrated until seen—
- Kr. What! take off a leg or an arm at will?



Remove their head or their jaws, and re-adjust
All at leisure?

[To be Continued,]



"BOX & COX" OR SAN FRANCISCO



FOR MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

As the time for nominating our local ticket, for the good, honest, and patriotic people of this city to vote for, is near, the question has frequently been asked, whom shall we nominate for Mayor? An answer has come from several of our Republican friends prominent in the party and leading men in the community, and they tell us that the Rev. Henry Cox, D. D., is the man fitted for the position, because of executive ability, because he is a good man, an honest man, a Republican under all circumstances, able as a speaker, a man who went through the war as a patriot soldier, and who has ever been known as a man true to the principles he professes, whether in religion, morals, or political faith. If Dr. Cox will accept the nomination—and of this we know nothing, because we believe the question has not been proposed to him—he can be elected by the people of this city, who desire to see in the Mayor's seat an honest, decent, intelligent, and just man, who will be a guardian of the rights of all, without reference to creed or party affiliations. When the Government was in want of men, when the institutions of the country were in danger, Dr. Cox felt and knew his position as a man, and a patriot to be at the front, and there he proved the stuff he was made of. Dr. Cox will do. The only question is, would he accept? We think he would.—*Alta*, July 26th.



Why, if our Saviour was here, they would vote him a tramp, and refuse him a seat in their high-toned churches.—Box KALLOCH.

UNITED POLICE OF THE S.F. - BY ORDER OF H.H. THE MAYOR



DER THE HOLY REGIME .

PHASES OF HISTORY

Not Generally given in Detail.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "WASP."

[Continued from Page 7, No. 157.]

PHASE I.

PART II.

AMY.



There were lively times in the city of San Francisco in 1851. The same sense of wrong which impelled the patriotic New Englander of 1773 to pitch 340 chests of tea into the sea, revived itself in their justice-loving descendants here. Wrong became rampant, and was endured with fretful murmurings, "Until his rage was kindled and his patience gone."

And a method of action was suddenly determined upon, with influences beneficially to this day.

To be sure there were no Supervisors in those days and certainly no bigotry existing in the community, but then there were City Councils—Supervisors under another name; with City contracts, City offices at disposal. A band who for a bribe would grant a five years' contract, for the good of the city, when but one would be just, and at rates a third more than it was worth. At the same time, they would now and then pass an obnoxious ordinance for the suppression of something or other, not at all prejudicial to society but as a well devised blind to hide the ruinous results of their pernicious acts, also to make a show of diligence in authority, until the people felt too much harassed with the unreasonableness of laws, and the pilfering of the city's treasures.

They arose from their lethargy to a man, and in the words of Swift, became a

"Power, employed to relieve the oppressed and punish the oppressor, and became a great blessing."

Became the regulators of the wild time, became the Vigilance Committee of 1851!!!

There were also grievances, others than those already narrated. Bands of depraved characters, the scum and dregs of the purlieus of the world, prominent amongst whom, were the convicts of Botany Bay, swarmed their pestiferous society upon us, and coalesced with the officials to that degree, that redress for wrong, ever so flagrant in its element, became entirely out of the question. Division of plunder, smoothed away discrepancies. But the Committee, like the "sea shouldering whale," boldly lifted itself above the boisterous sea, and asserted dominance by defiantly spouting its triumphant jets, and not unlike another Van Tromp, with the broom at the mast, decreed their determined manifesto to sweep the rubbish from existence. They improvised officers, offices, and prisons. Made arrests, held courts, and rendered judgments. Hanged, exiled, and held in durance, built up a community of order out of one of chaos.

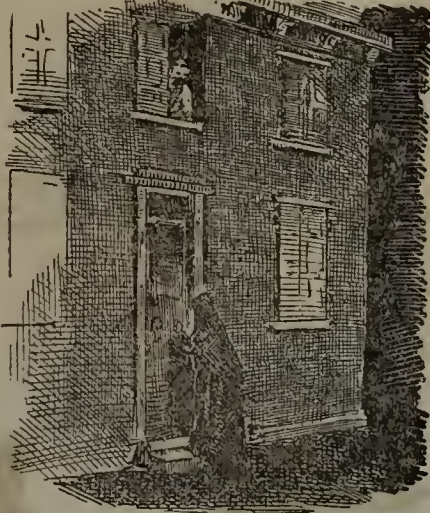
Like many others, Chet and I attracted by the new order of affairs, remained where we were, in San Francisco. But unfortunately, Chet's path of life diverged most irreconcilably to an opposite direction from my own. He became an inveterate gambler. We met seldom, although each knew where the other lived, and upon emergency, consulted and aided each other as of yore.

It might have been nine o'clock, on a certain Thursday evening, as I was pleasantly occupied with some literary contribution, when a knock at the street door startled upon my reverie.

That which ordinarily is merely a matter of curiosity, a troublous time instantly converts into uneasiness. And he who has not shocked at manifold military surprises, startles and becomes timid at an unseasonable summons. Invading fears at once step into the place of his hitherto uninterrupted quietude.

"The cowardly rashness of those who dare not look danger in the face,"

make him bondsman to imaginary terrors. Webster has succeeded admirably in many ways, but his distinction between cowardice and prudence is as unsatisfactory to me as that between wit and humor. Call it what you will, I started as if shot up, grasped at my seven shooter as at a forlorn hope, and rushed to the window instead of down the stairs—I, who have defied the Indian, in long grass and on short!



My room was in the upper story of a brick building on Clay street near Montgomery, built to the fashion of the time, with iron doors and shutters; one of the latter I opened, and inquired "Who's there?"

"Let me in!" was the curt reply, but on hearing a plaintive female voice, I bent over the window sill—she was alone—I glanced up and down the street, and became assured.

"Guess you are at the wrong place?" I remarked. "I seek Mr. — and you are he," she answered confidently, then added sternly: "I must see you, and right away. Are you afraid of a woman, when I am not of a man?"

This convinced me I had become a coward, and determined me to reform at once.

"You may lock your door," she said quietly as she stepped in, "I am not afraid."

The reminder was painful, and rather mechanically than otherwise, I acted upon the suggestion and we mounted the stairs.

An intense curiosity, unalloyed by irreverence, but pregnant of a thousand artful speculations, tantalized my inquisitiveness, during those short moments of mounting the stairs.

My visitor levied no tax upon my gallantry, for soon as she reached a chair, she dropped into it, removed a green veil, which had thickly enshrouded a pallid but sweet young face, threw back her shawl and with her handkerchief began to fan.

"You appear warm," I remarked, as an opening to conversation.

"I am warm," she responded complacently, then added as quietly: "I have walked far and rapidly, and the hills appeared steeper to-night than ever before."

"May I ask your business with me?"

"Let me get cooled a bit."

She readily accepted a proffered glass of water, with a slight dash of spirits in it.

I, too, fortified myself the same way, and in a moment or so, both were head over ears in business.



It was Amy!

Dandy Charley was a prisoner in the hands of the

Vigilance Committee, and Dandy Charley was her husband. She was lawfully married and had the papers. She had planned an escape for Dandy Charley, and my assistance was as needful as warmth to growth. Since the elopement she was cast off by the whole family, and I was the family friend, Dandy Charley was a gambler, and associated with such. Gambling was the most serious crime of Charley's commission. Believe her, as God made her, as she hopes to be forgiven by her dear, dear mother, and much wronged father, that Charley is guilty of no crime, except causing the desolation of her paternal roof: but that was family matters, and not public. I must help her to save Charley.

"What shall I do?" I asked, fairly stunned by the appeal.

"Take Chet from town next Sunday," was the proposition.

"Why, Chet can have his release in an instant," I said; "if he goes his bonds that the man leaves the land, he has him freed."

"The arrest is owing to Chet," she ground between her teeth, "and Chet is bitter. He wants him hung!"

"What is the accusation?"

"Sydney Duck."

"Where do you live?"

"Sydney Cove," and her face became buried in her outspread palms.

All became obvious in an instant, and I felt horrified.

Sydney Cove was by the seaside at Telegraph Hill, a canvas town, the resort of vile desperadoes only, yept "Sydney Ducks," from their association. A horde doomed for punishment by the Committee.

If I should speak to Chet, all would be lost. Chet vows he'll have him hung, and who knew Chet better than I did? Charley treats her well, loves her, and provides nicely for her. She usually lived at the Union, but Charley secreted himself at Sydney Cove, upon intimation that his name was spotted on the black list, and from affection and duty, she followed. Gambling is what Charley follows. She has all she wants; Charley does on her and is true to her. Charley is fond of flashy dress, but is steady. An inveterate smoker, but never touches a drop of liquor. Never since she knew him. If not at the tale is at home with her. Oh! if she could but embrace mother! She is ready to die the next minute! Should her father forgive her, it would paralyze her with joy. And Charley would be so good to them all, if they would only permit him to beg their pardon.

The clock struck eleven!

Try is no word for it. Chet must be away from town on Sunday. Oh, how her heart yearns to embrace her dear estranged brother! but that may never be—Chet was always irreconcilable whenever his mind was made up to the contrary; since a boy, his every conclusion has doom in it. If a nigger offended, he had to be sold, or father knew the consequences. If one was fancied, that nigger had to be bought, or there was no peace on the plantation. But Chet's heart was good in the main. Father was to blame more for Chet's waywardness than Chet was. She was wayward, herself, but her mother was at fault for her remissness. She could have had anybody in the parish, and many others out of it; but she preferred Charley. She'll never outlive Charley. Her heart will break, or she knows what she'll do!

The clock struck twelve!

I must promise her to accomplish what she required. He will go, she is sure he will, if I but make the proposition; for the sake of that mother whom I so much respect, for the sake of that father of whom she thinks so much, for the sake of herself who never but once disobeyed both. She could not help it. Young, inexperienced, pampered and spoiled. One who never uttered a wish without it was promptly gratified—

It was one o'clock!

There shall be no blood spilled. I may frankly speak to those she names. They agree to the manner of his escape, but know it were useless to attempt, unless Chet is sported away. Hah! that will suit exactly. He has good judgment in land matters. Where is Sonoma? She knows nothing of the geography here. But I will not deceive her?

[To be Continued.]

CAMPAIGN POLITICAL CLUBS, NOTICE.—Brooke & Son, 717 Market street, will paint your banners, both pictorial or plain, cheaper than any other firm in the city.

Not true. Swan paints for nothing. Purely patriotic with him. He charged not a cent for Hammamizing Lotta's fountain.

Our subscription list is increasing so rapidly, that we feel constrained for the first time, to with honesty advise all to advertise in the Wasp. It is the live weekly of the day!



Human Trash and their Desserts.

Let all good boys and girls take warning from Dave Dublin and Edward Somerset, and keep clear of street corners after 8 o'clock at night; these had to pay \$5 each for doing it, whereas they ought to have been at home reading the WASP. Unless you have \$5 cash capital to start your business upon, do not attempt to solicit alms. Kate Williams and two others did it, and where are they to get their \$5 apiece from now, which Judge Louderback is determined to charge them for it.

Fools have no business to be thieves, but every one who steals is a fool, and Charley Nast and John Harrington are about as big a two fools as ever were captured. They stole a watch between them, and mistrustful of each other, kept together until both were caught and the watch recovered. They ought to have divided off and thrown the watch away, and their lawyer would have got a *nolle prosequi* for them—may be.

Forty anti-Murphyite L'Assommoir Disciplinarians, were sent below on Tuesday last,



for twenty-four hours each, and twenty-eight forfeited their bail of \$5 each, and three were remanded for sentence for being solid "topes." Give it them, Judge! H. Pfortner has his lesson; next time he takes his wife to a picnic, he'll leave her at home and not carry a pistol about him, so that when he fires it off no body will be near him; he did everything to the contrary, however, and was arrested. Men like Wm. B. Carpenter are the kind for a lady to trust herself with. None of your biled-shirt mush-and-milk fellows, he. Brown made a grab for the purse of the lady with him, and he grabbed

at Brown for it, and held him, too, you bet. Never beat your sister, your cousin, or your aunt; Bill O'Farrell did it to his sister, and the Judge did not do him justice. Only sentenced him to three months in the H. of C. Hotel. Three years, Judge, three years! Pat Farrell will never again use foul language, never, never—hardly ever. Louderback charged him a couple of twenties for it, and Pat thinks the luxury steep. Jim Fitzgerald's other eyebrow is with Dick Thompson, who bit it off in a fight, and is in quod for it. The mill of the Board of Supervisors is maliciously stopped for four weeks; no arrests. David Levy was fined \$10 for vulgar language, *chai vekajim!*

The opening exercises of the fourteenth Industrial Exhibition at the Mechanics' Pavilion, took place in its laid down stereotyped way at the Grand Opera House, on Tuesday last. The music was good, the poem "was written for the occasion," well read by Mr. Keene, who can read anything well, if even worse than that was, but the Rev. Thomas Guard, D. D., makes us regret that we have no space in this issue to comment upon his able, learned, and eloquent oratory. Were he younger, we should say he was the coming man, but as it is, he ought to stand in the boots of Beecher and Talmage, or any one else in that line great at this day. Mr. Guard, we will be glad to shake hands with you any time.

In the evening we buzzed into the Pavilion, but it was both thinly attended and as yet but thinly furnished. It may have been but a mistaken notion and injustice to contributors to have rushed its opening, in so crude a state, but we'll see.

Too Many Pardons.

Governor Robinson, of New York, like Governor Williams, of Indiana, is thought to make too free a use of the pardoning power.

They ought to reform and become callous like Governor Irwin did.

It is a lamentable fact, however, that justice is daily baffled by Executive interference, and it is equally a fact, also, that the objects of mercy in many instances, so soon as they gain their freedom return to their old courses of crime.—*S. F. Call*, July 28.

Or become head of a church, preach against their own actions and act opposite to their teachings, and hammer one golden grain of wit into a sheet of infinite platitude.

The British Realm.

LONDON, July 21.—The Grand Juries of Westmeath and Mayo have passed resolutions calling attention to the serious agitation against the payment of rents, the increase of intimidation and lawlessness, and pointing to the necessity of executive officers being armed with increased powers.

Who plays Denis at the Sand-lots there? Give us the name!

SPECIAL NOTICES:

Chew Jackson's best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

Philadelphia Brewery.

—Philadelphia Brewery has sold during the year 1878, 43,107 barrels of beer, being

twice as much as the next two leading breweries in this city. (See Official Report, U. S. Internal Revenue, January, 1879.) The beer from this Brewery has a Pacific Coast renown, unequalled by any other upon the Pacific Coast. *

Tourists

Will find the most extensive stock of OPERA GLASSES, Marine and Field Glasses, Pocket Altitude, Barometers, Microscopes, Compasses, Magnifiers, Eye Protectors, PEBBLE Lenses mounted in fine Gold, Shell, Rubber, etc. Scientifically adapted by Optometric measurement.

C. MULLER, the Leading Optician, 135 Montgomery St., opp. Occidental Hotel.

Pioneer Maccaroni and Vermicelly Farina and Fancy Paste Factory of

J. P. TENTHOREY & CO.

558 MISSION STREET, San Francisco. No Retail in our Factory. *

Ladies Take Notice!

PRICES REDUCED! Genuine French Kid Button Boots, Hand worked button holes (Burt's style), \$2.50 a pair. Other styles of shoes from \$1.00 up, at the CHICAGO AUCTION HOUSE, 134 Sixth St. Repairing neatly done at reduced rates, Half soling and heeling \$1.00.

HURRAH! HURRAH!

....FOR....

Pinafore Cigarettes!

Everybody smokes them. Give them a trial and be convinced.

D. FRANKEL, Sole Agent,

412, 414 & 416 SACRAMENTO STREET, S. F.

A M E R I C A ' S



F I N E S T W H I S K Y

REBSTOCK, ENDRES & CO.

322 SANSOME STREET, S. F. Sole Agents.

REBSTOCK'S



ST. LOUIS BEER

Unsurpassed in Brightness, Body, and Delicacy. **REBSTOCK, ENDRES & CO.** 322, 324 & 326 SANSOME ST., San Francisco. Sole Agents.

YOUR WIFE WANTS THE WORLD'S FAVORITE! THE DAVIS VERTICAL FEED SEWING MACHINE!

Because It Does all Varieties of
PRACTICAL STITCHING WITHOUT BASTING

The only Practical Machine for BRAIDING, BINDING, RUFFLING, EMBROIDERING, and making the new
SCALLOPED PLAITING TRIMMING.
Distributing Office for the Pacific States and Territories, Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, and British Columbia,

130 POST STREET, 130

SAN FRANCISCO,

MARK SHELDON, General Agent.

Chiarini's Royal Italian Circus

AND
PERFORMING ANIMALS

Will commence their first season in San Francisco since his return from his tour around the world, on

Thursday Evening, August 7th

ON THE
MAMMOTH CIRCUS LOT,

Corner of Mission and Seventh streets, with the

Greatest Aggregation of Talent

Ever presented in this city. The Company that will appear in this Great Show consists of

**EQUESTRIENNES, EQUESTRIANS,
ACROBATS and GYMNASTS**

Selected by Signor Chiarini from among the BEST TALENT to be found in Europe and America, and the

TRAINED ANIMALS

Consisting of Signor Gutseppe Chiarini's

Magnificent Stud of Horses,

Which have been the theme of universal admiration, augmented by the engagement of Mr. G. Bartholomew's

Stud of Marvelous Bronchos.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Private Boxes, with Six Chairs.....\$5 00
Dress Circle Chairs..... 1 00
Gallery.....50 Cts. | Children.....Half Price
Seats can be reserved without extra charge.

PERFORMANCE Every Evening at 8 o'clock.

MATINEES

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2 o'clock.

Doors open one hour previous to the commencement of the performance.

Smoke the best in the World

OLD JUDGE

BUSH STREET THEATER.

A GREAT SUCCESS OF
TONY PASTOR

....AND HIS....

Great Double Troupe

EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEES.

Geo. Tatcher, Sheridan & Jourdan, Gardiner & Kane,
John Morris, French Twin Sisters, Sheehan & Jones,
Kelly & Ryan, Niles & Evans, Irwin Sisters,
Brant & Hoey, Edwin French, Frank Girard.

....AND....

TONY PASTOR

Who will himself appear at every performance.

A NEW AND SUCCESSFUL

....WAY OF....

Operating in Stocks

Send for Circular containing full information.

MARTIN, TAYLOR & Co.

BANKERS,

429 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Smoke the Gentleman's Tobacco

OLD JUDGE

Henry Ahrens. Henry Tietjen. Th. v. Bosstel.

CHICAGO BREWERY,

1420--1434 Pine St., near Polk.

Henry Ahrens & Co.

Proprietors.

REGISTRATION!

Republicans, Attention!

Headquarters Republican State Central Committee, Rooms Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, No. 703 Market street, southwest corner Third, San Francisco, June 26, 1879.

The vital importance of immediate REGISTRATION must be apparent to every Republican, when the fact is announced that the entire Registration of this city and county has been wiped out; and that no one will be allowed to vote at the September Election unless RE-REGISTERED. The State Central Committee calls the earnest attention of Republicans to this matter, and requests them without delay, to register themselves, so as to strengthen the hands of the organization and place it in a position to win the approaching contest. No true Republican will neglect this most imperative and urgent duty.

By order of the Committee.
W. W. MORROW, Chairman.

M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

Smoke the sweetest and best flavored

OLD JUDGE

ENGROSSING RESOLUTIONS,
AND ALL
Styles of Artistic Penwork
At THE
California Inst. for Book-keeping & Penmanship,
417 KEARNY ST., S. F.

FOR
The Best Pictures in the City
GO TO
DAMES & HAYES
PHOTOGRAPHIC ART GALLERY,
715 MARKET STREET, S. F.

S. P. WARREN & CO.,
Commission Stock Brokers,
411 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Stocks bought, sold and carried on margin. Money
to loan on mining stock.

P. LIESENFELD
BILLIARD, POOL and BAGATELLE TABLES.
Sole Agent Phelan & Collender's New Improved Pat-
ent Cushions, Billiard Goods, etc. No. 585 MAR-
KET STREET, S. F.

Glove Buyers!
Goat, from - \$4.00 to \$8.50 Per Doz
Buck, " - - \$6.00 to \$13.50 " "
BAY CITY GLOVE CO.
Net Cash Only. 516 PINE STREET.
Orders or Correspondence Solicited.

H. MAYERS & CO.
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, SILVERWARE,
GOLD QUARTZ, MOSS AGATE, and all kinds of JEWELRY
at the lowest Eastern Prices.
Estimates and Designa for all kinds of fine work in GOLD and
SILVER.
205 Montgomery Street, Russ House Block.
Manufacturers of the Diamond Belts.

MECHANICS' FAIR!
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Opens August 5th, 1859.

SCIENCE, ART, INDUSTRY AND NATURAL PRODUC-
TIONS will be fully represented. GRAND INSTRUMENTAL
CONCERT each afternoon and evening. MACHINERY IN MO-
TION, RARE PAINTINGS, FINE STATUARY, A TROPICAL
GARDEN, FOUNTAINS and PROMENADES will make this
Exhibition the most instructive and pleasant place of resort on
this Coast.
Those desiring space should apply at once. Office, 27 Post
Street. IRVING M. SCOTT, President.
J. H. CULVER, Secretary.

NATURALIZATION.
Headquarters Republican State Central Committee
Rooms Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, No. 703 Market
street, southwest corner Third.
On and after Wednesday, July 9, 1879, a
Clerk will be in attendance, at these Head-
quarters, Room No. 5, for the purpose of
NATURALIZATION. Office hours, from 8
A. M. until 9 P. M.
By order of the Committee,
W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

The best CIGARETTES in the World
OLD JUDGE

246 J Street, Sacramento.
31 Post Street, San Francisco.
Chickering
Pianos,
Chickering
Pianos,
AT REDUCED PRICES
ON THE
Installment Plan.
L. K. HAMMER, Sole Agent for Pacific
Coast.

PATENT COVERS
For Filing the WASP,
Can be obtained at the office a 50 cents at piece.

THE
Ventilated (Perforated) Saw.



Patented Dec. 17, 1878, by R. Hoe & Co.
The diameter of the body of the plate in this cut is contracted,
in order to show the teeth more plainly.

Our Chisel-tooth Saw has already taken the lead,
and is rapidly superseding all others, and now
we have the pleasure of calling your atten-
tion to still another improvement which
we are placing on them without ad-
ditional charge

The ventilators [holes] cause the plate to shrink equally in the
process of hardening, thereby avoiding the injury resulting from
warping and subsequent truing with the hammer, to which solid
plates are subjected. They also take the chip out of the cut, and
the circulation of the air through them keeps the saw cool.

Office of Hanson, Ackerson & Co.
Manufacturers and Dealers in Lumber, etc.
Tacoma, Wash, Ter., Feb. 14, 1879.

Messrs. Tatum & Bowen, 3 Fremont St., San Francisco.
Gentlemen: The 60-inch Perforated Chisel-tooth Saw purchased
from you in December last, has been in constant use since received
doing its work faithfully, and we consider it the best saw in our
mill, slower to heat than solid saws, standing up to its work in all
kinds of timber, and good for ninety thousand feet a day. We
take great pleasure in recommending your Perforated Saws for
mills engaged in cutting large timber.
Yours respectfully,
HANSON, ACKERSON & Co.

Sharp, round, and ready to run the moment received.
Can be kept so without expenditure of skill or time.
When dull, a boy in five minutes can insert a set of sharp teeth
in large saws, without removing from mandrel.
The teeth, being firmly held, without rivets, screws, or keys
will stand the heaviest feed, and cut the least kerf.
Teeth only 3 1/2 cents each.

Address TATUM & BOWEN, Sole agents,
Send for Catalogue,) 3 Fremont St., S. F.

FALKENSTEIN & CO. 300 Battery Street,
OLD JUDGE

BUY the BEST
And avoid cheap imitations, whatever the name. It should
not be forgotten that the

"DOMESTIC"
THE LIGHT RUNNING
Is positively superior to all other leading machines. The
Lightest Running, The Most Simple, The Most
Durable.
J. W. EVANS,
Mechanics' Institute Building, 29 Post Street, S. F.

MUSIC BOXES
...FOR...
WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS,
M. J. PAILLARD & CO.
Manufacturers and Importers, 680 Broadway, N. Y.
A. E. JUILLERAT
31 Post Street, S. F., Sole Agent for the
Pacific Coast.
Factory, St. Croix, Switzerland. Music Boxes thoroughly
Repaired.

HIBERNIA
BREWERY,
HOWARD STREET,
Between 8th and 9th Streets.
M. NUNAN, Proprietor

Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing



Nails, Freckles, Warts, Moles, effectually cured by
the celebrated Chiropodists,

FEISTEL & GERARD, from Paris,
838 Market Street, opp. Fourth. Parlors 2 and 3, up
stairs.

D. Callaghan & Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF
DONNOLLY'S
Premium Yeast Powder
CALLAGHAN'S
CREAM TARTAR, SODA AND SALERATUS
COFFEE AND SPICES
119 and 121 FRONT ST., S. F.

Sole Agents on the Pacific Coast for
OLD JUDGE

Opera, Field,



Marine Glasses.

Adjusting Spectacles to suit all the various conditions of the sight our specialty. A complete assortment of fine optical goods constantly on hand at the cheapest possible rates.

BERTELING & WATRY,
Scientific Opticians 427 Kearny Street, S. F.
San Francisco and North Pacific R. R.

Commencing **MONDAY, JUNE 2d, 1879,**
and until further notice, Trains and Boats
will leave San Francisco:

7.10 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, Daily. (Sundays excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skagg's Springs, Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers, connection made at Fulton for Korbels, Guerneville and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive at San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

3.00 P. M. DAILY, [Sundays excepted] Steamer "James M. Donahue," (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with train at Donahue, for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale and way stations. Making Stage connections at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive at San Francisco at 10.10 A. M.

Sunday Excursions at Reduced Rates.

8.15 A. M. SUNDAYS ONLY, via San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning arrive at San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for the round trip; Petaluma, \$1.50; Santa Rosa, \$2.00; Healdsburg, \$3.00; Cloverdale, \$4.50; Fulton \$2.50; Laguna, \$3.00; Orrestville, \$3.50; Korbels \$3.75; and Guerneville \$4.00.

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 3 P. M., except Sunday.

A. HUGHES, A. A. BEAN, JAS. M. DONAHUE,
Gen Manager. Sup't. Gen. P. & T. Ag't.

Pacific Coast STEAMSHIP COMP'Y



STEAMERS OF THIS COMPANY will sail from Broadway Wharf for all ports in CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON and IDAHO TERRITORIES, BRITISH COLUMBIA and ALASKA, as follows:

ROUTE
No. 1—STATE OF CALIFORNIA...Tuesday, August 5 at 10 A. M.
No. 2—VICTORIA.....
No. 3—LOS ANGELES.....7, 17, 27, each month, at 9 A. M.
No. 4—MONTEREY.....Every Monday at 4 P. M.
No. 6—MONTEREY.....Every Saturday, at 8 A. M.
No. 7—SENATOR.....Every Thursday, at 8 A. M.
No. 8—ORIZABA.....Monday, July 28, at 9 A. M.
No. 8—ANCON.....Saturday, Aug. 2, at 9 A. M.
No. 8—ORIZABA.....Thursday Aug. 7, at 9 A. M.
No. 8—ANCON.....Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 9 A. M.
No. 8—ORIZABA.....Sunday, Aug. 17, at 9 A. M.
No. 8—ANCON.....Friday, Aug. 22, at 9 A. M.
No. 8—ORIZABA.....Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 9 A. M.
No. 8—ANCON.....Monday, Sept. 1, at 9 A. M.
No. 8—ORIZABA.....Saturday Sept. 6, at 9 A. M.
For movements of freight boats, see San Francisco Alta or Guide.

Ports at which above Steamers Call.

Route No. 1—Embraces Portland and Astoria (Oregon) direct connecting at Portland with steamers and railroads and their connecting stage lines for all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territories, British Columbia and Alaska.

Route No. 2—Embraces Victoria, B. C., for passengers only, and Nanaimo for freight and passengers.

Route No. 3—Embraces Eureka, Arcata, and Hookton (Humboldt Bay), and Crescent City, carrying passengers freight and express matter.

Route No. 4—Embraces Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Little River and Big River (Mendocino City), in Mendocino County.

Route No. 6—Steamer leaves San Francisco Saturdays at 8 A. M., and arrives at Santa Cruz and Monterey same day P. M. Returning—leaves Monterey Sundays A. M., and Santa Cruz at 4 P. M., and arrives at San Francisco Mondays 6 A. M.

Route 7—This Steamer carries passengers and freight to and from San Simeon, Cayucos, Gaviota, Santa Barbara and San Buenaventura, stopping at Santa Cruz and Monterey for passengers and perishable freight.

Route No. 8—Embraces Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Pedro, Anaheim and San Diego for passengers and freight.

Port Harford is the landing place for San Luis Obispo, Paso Robles, Guadalupe, Newsom's Springs, etc.

Through tickets sold to all the principal places on the coast. Stages and railroads make close connection with steamers for all the principal places in the interior.

For further information in regard to tickets, call at the

Ticket Office, No. 214 Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.



Foot of LARKIN and HYDE STREETS.

Take North Beach or Clay Street cars—transfer at Leavenworth Street. Why go to Alameda to swim or bathe, when you can have a fine natural Beach, with water direct from the ocean? Why wade in a tank, When you can disport in the clear, crisp, invigorating, untainted tide? These are points for swimmers to consider. Good accommodations, comfortable dressing room, long distance, rafts splendid diving boards, aquatic gymnasium, and absolute safety in every respect. An entire renovation under the new management. **LADIES' DEPARTMENT**, under the charge of Prof. J. H. MOHOR, where strict propriety will be observed. Be sure to go to foot of Larkin Street or Hyde.

W. H. BOVEE, Proprietor.

NICOLL, THE TAILOR!
Branch of New York.

Being our own importers, we are able to guarantee and give the REAL article at such prices as defy competition. We sell goods to suit the Banker, Merchant and Clerk. Gentlemen, before calling elsewhere will do well to call and

INSPECT MY IMMENSE STOCK!

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT!

Call and see the ELECTRIC LIGHT at NICOLL'S by which colors and quality may be seen as clear at NIGHT as at NOONDAY

Pants, from - - \$5.00

Suits, from - - \$20.00

Overcoats, from - \$20.00

Dress Coats, from \$20.00



Yours Truly, Wm. H. Nicoll

Genuine 6 x Beaver Suits, \$55.00,

Black Doeskin

Pant, from - - \$8.00

White Vests, from \$3.00

Fancy Vests, from \$6.00

Samples, with Instructions for Self-Measurement, Sent Free.

ONLY WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED and FIRST-CLASS Cutters. A small stock of Uncalled-for Goods at Immense Reductions.

SALE PRICES—Pants from \$3; Suits from \$12; Overcoats from \$12; Vests from \$2; Coats from \$7. The trade and Public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings at Wholesale Prices. Any length cut, and all kinds of stock kept on hand.

THE FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.

NICOLL, THE TAILOR'S, Grand Tailoring Emporium
727 MARKET STREET.

DRY NO. 1 RUSTIC.

—SOLD AT—

F. KORBEL & BROS.

Corner Bryant and Fifth Streets.

W. SCHEHR, FASHIONABLE TAILOR

510 Montgomery Avenue,

Gents' and Youth's Clothing made to order in the latest style. Cleaning, Repairing and Dying.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S
COMPOUND
FLUID EXTRACT
BUCHU,
PHARMACEUTICAL

A Specific Remedy for all
DISEASES

—OF THE—
Bladder and Kidneys

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.
 If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

“Helmbold’s Buchu”

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALED!

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,	Gen'l Debility,	Spinal Diseases,
Spermatorrhœa,	Kidney Diseases,	Sciatica,
Neuralgia,	Liver Compl't,	Deafness,
Nervousness,	Nervous Debility	Decline,
Dyspepsia,	Epilepsy,	Lumbago,
Indigestion,	Head Troubles,	Catarrh,
Constipation,	Paralysis,	Nerv's Compl't,
Aches and Pains,	Gen'l Ill-Health,	Female Compl'ts

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
INVIGORATES THE STOMACH.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price \$1.00 Per Bottle,
or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

Delivered to any address free from observation.
 “Patients” may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following question:

- 1 Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office
- 2 Your age and sex?
- 3 Occupation?
- 4 Married or single?
- 5 Height, weight, now and in health?
- 6 How long have you been sick?
- 7 Your complexion, color of hair and eyes?
- 8 Have you a stooping or erect gait?
- 9 Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters addressed to Dispensatory, 1217 Filbert street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. T. HELMBOLD.

Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

FOR THE FINEST HATS AT THE LOWEST PRICES
 GO TO
C. HERRMANN



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 (BET. BUSH & PINE)
 & 910 MARKET ST.
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S. B. WATSON & Co
 WHOLESALE DEALERS
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
 221 & 225 FRONT STREET
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 WHOLESALE DEPOT OF
 DR. RENZ'S HERB BITTERS
 AND RENZ'S BLACKBERRY BRAND
 219 COMMERCIAL ST.
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WHOLESALE
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FINE WINES
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GUNDLACH'S
FAMOUS
Quedel
 THE CHOICEST OF
AMERICAN
TABLE WINES





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